

DENISON'S
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MINSTREL
FIRST
PART

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

JUBILEE MINSTREL FIRST-PART

A COMPLETE ROUTINE
FOR THE CIRCLE

BY
JOHN E. LAWRENCE



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The Jubilee Minstrel First-Part is designed for use in conjunction with Denison's Plantation Opening Chorus and Finale, together with a select program of Denison's minstrel songs. The routine is arranged for the usual male minstrel circle, and with a few changes may be made to serve the purpose for mixed minstrels or for novelty minstrel performances. All the songs in the book are protected by copyright, and the lyrics are used here by special permission.

JUBILEE MINSTREL SONG PROGRAM

	Price Vocal Copy	Price Orches- tration
1. Plantation Opening Chorus.....	\$0.75	\$1.50
2. My Jungle Bungalow.....	.30	.35
3. Old Plantation Moon.....	.30	.35
4. I Didn't Ask, He Didn't Say, So I Don't Know.	.30	.35
5. Chile-Con-Carne Eyes	.30	.35
6. The Night That Timothy Sheenan Married Daphanay McGrew	.30	.35
7. As Long As I Have You.....	.30	.35
8. That's a Plenty.....	.30	.35
9. The Pirate Bold.....	.30	.35
10. Fables	.30	.35
11. Hula Lu	.30	.35
12. Finale (included with Opening Chorus).....		
	\$3.75	\$5.00

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JUBILEE MINSTREL FIRST-PART

(NOTE—It is assumed that the minstrel company is formed in the customary semicircle on the stage, the interlocutor in the center, with six endmen, equally divided, three on either end of the circle. For the sake of convenience the ends are here named in alphabetical order. That is, beginning at the right, the first endman is named "Mr. Atlanta," the man to his left is "Mr. Birmingham," then "Mr. Cairo," and on the other side are "Mr. Dallas," "Mr. El Paso" and "Mr. Fresno." Thus "Atlanta" and "Fresno" are the extreme ends. "Mr. Smith" is the interlocutor. The performers' real names, of course, will be used in the performance and on the program. Dancing may be introduced according to the ability of the respective performers.)

(The Opening Chorus begins while the curtain is lowered, the entire company standing in position in front of their chairs, and singing Denison's Plantation Minstrel Opening Chorus.)

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and singing by the little cottage door,
(Curtain rising slowly.)

Where lived my darling Nellie Gray. (Curtain up.)
(Tambourine solo, very snappy, by entire circle; then company resumes singing.)

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee?
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee?
That's sure to take you back to when
Your grandpa was a lad,
When he attended minstrel shows
Along with ma and dad;
When noisy bones a-rattling
Would drown the tambourine,
And sometimes interrupt the songs
They sandwiched in between.

Now, come on, friends, let's go!
 We'll give an old time show,
 We'll start off with a song that was
 A hit long, long ago.

(Solo by one of the circle.)

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
 To watch the scenes below;
 The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
 As we used to long ago.

(Entire company, briskly.)

Don't ever think those old time boys
 Were not brimful of pepper;
 There never was an endman then
 Who wasn't quite a stepper,
 The circle was a nifty lot,
 The balladists were willing,
 And when it came to choruses,
 The harmony was thrilling;
 That's why grandpa complains
 About his aches and pains,
 When asked to go to a minstrel show
 That hasn't these refrains.

(Softly.)

Hear dem bells, don't you hear dem bells
 They are ringing out de glory ob de lamb;
 Oh, hear dem bells, don't you hear dem bells
 They are ringing out de glory ob de lamb.

(Endmen) White folks say dat a nigger won't steal—

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Endmen) But I caught one in my cornfield—

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Endmen) Why does a hen go 'cross de street?

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Endmen) There's a rooster there she wants to meet.

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Endmen) There was a whale down in the sea,
That Jonah met at half past three,
De whale was looking for a feed,
But Jonah wasn't, no indeed—

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Endmen) You ought to see poor Jonah swim,
With mister whale right after him,
He swam and dove and dodged de whale,
At last he caught him by de tail—

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Endmen) Across de sea dey took a trip,
But Jonah fin'ly lost his grip,
Dat was de finish of de race,
De whale looked Jonah in de face—

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Endmen) He winked his eye and smacked his lips,
And Jonah paled to his finger tips,
De whale then grinned and made a dive,
And swallowed Jonah, man alive—

(Chorus) You shall be free!

(Entire company.)

Poor Jonah, you shall be free!
You shall be free! You shall be free!
You shall be free as de waters of Jordan
When de good Lord sets you free!

(Finish loud and strong, and make a clean-cut stop.)

INTERLOCUTOR. Gentlemen (or "Company," if it is a mixed minstrel), be seated. (All sit in unison, each performer placing tambourine to the right of his chair, and not using it again. (INTERLOCUTOR addresses third left end, without rising.) How do you feel this evening, Mr. Dallas?

DALLAS. Not so good; I've got a headache.

INTER. That's too bad; but it is very easily cured. When I have a headache I go home and tell my wife about it. She

sits on my knee, smooths my fevered brow with her cool hands, puts her arms around my neck, kisses me a few times—and the headache disappears. Why don't you try that?

DALLAS. I will. What time will your wife be home?

INTER. Where are you living now, Mr. Cairo?

CAIRO. On the corner of Tenth and Eleventh street. I've got a room over a vacant lot.

INTER. That's nonsense. There is no such thing as a room over a vacant lot.

CAIRO. Man, you're talking foolish. There is nothing *but* room over a vacant lot.

INTER. Mr. El Paso, the last time I saw you was one day in August. You were wearing two overcoats and you were carrying a tin of paint and some brushes.

EL PASO. Yes sir, I was aiming to paint my barn.

INTER. But why were you wearing two coats on a hot summer's day?

EL PASO. I was following the directions printed on the can of paint.

INTER. What were the directions?

EL PASO. To obtain the best results from this paint, put on two coats.

INTER. What nationality are you, Mr. Birmingham?

BIRMINGHAM. I'm black and tan.

INTER. That's not a nationality, that's a breed. One's nationality is determined by the country one was born in, or by the country one's parents were born in.

BIRMINGHAM. Well, if a man's father was born in England, his mother born in France and he was born in Italy, lived in Spain and died in Canada, what would he be?

INTER. I don't know.

BIRMINGHAM. I do.

INTER. What would he be?

BIRMINGHAM. He'd be dead.

INTER. I saw you the other day, Mr. Fresno. You had a horse and buggy and you were acting in a very peculiar manner.

FRESNO. How come?

INTER. It was raining very hard and you were holding an open umbrella, not over your own head, but over the horse's tail.

FRESNO. Nothing peculiar about that. The livery man who rented me the horse said that he would run away if he got the rein under his tail.

INTER. What have you there, Mr. Atlanta?

(*During the previous dialogue ATLANTA has been passing a small rod about the size of a lead pencil through an iron ring. He now holds up the rod.*)

ATLANTA. That's a Gazinta.

INTER. A Gazinta? I never heard of a Gazinta. Why is it called Gazinta?

ATLANTA. It's called Gazinta because it goes into the ring.

INTER. What is it for?

ATLANTA. It is part of my new invention. I have just patented a machine for preventing tire punctures. It's a magnet and is fastened on the front of motor cars. It picks up tacks, nails, old iron and other junk off the road before the tires can be damaged.

INTER. A wonderful idea. Does it work?

ATLANTA. It works too good. I've got to study out some way to make that magnet discriminate.

INTER. Discriminate? Why?

ATLANTA. Well, it's this way. I have one of my patents fastened on the front of my — (*mention some high-priced car*). Last night I took a ride around town and when I got home and started to clean off the tin and old iron that had accumulated in the front of my car I found that, among the other junk, that darned magnet had picked up Charlie Blank's flivver. (*In place of "Charlie Blank," substitute the name of some local man who drives one.*)

INTER. (*who has remained seated until now, rises, laughing, and announces*). Mr. Charlie Birmingham will sing "My Jungle Bungalow."

(INTER. resumes his seat, as orchestra or piano goes into introduction of song. Soloist steps briskly to front center, arriving at footlights just in time to go into the song. This must be timed right, to prevent an embarrassing pause while introduction is being played.)

Song.

Seems like when I go to sleep
I'm lost somewhere in the jungle deep,
Dreams come to me constantly
About a palace that belongs to me;
Somehow they appeal to me,
They seem so perfectly real to me;
I'm tired of waiting for my dream to come true,
And so I'll tell you what I'm going to do:

Chorus.

I'm going to build me a bungalow
Down where the tropical breezes blow
On some old South Sea isle;
I'll live just like an old-fashioned king,
Rings on my fingers and everything,
I'll have a jungalow man
For to shoo away the skeeters with a palm-leaf fan;
When the sun is scorching down on jungle town,
Temp'rature goes up but I'll be going down,
Down in the cellar where everything's
Nice and cool, you know,
And nobody but me is going to carry the key
To my jungle bungalow.

(Repetition of the chorus follows without interruption. The entire company joins soloist in this repeat, without moving from their seats. Entire company sings.)

I'm going to build me a bungalow
Down where the tropical breezes blow
On some old South Sea isle;
I'll live just like an old-fashioned king,
Rings on my fingers and everything,

I'll have a jungalow man

For to shoo away the skeeters with a palm-leaf fan—

(Next lines to be sung by soloist alone.)

When the moon is shining high up in the sky

I'll be stepping out, then maybe, bye and bye,

I'll have a wonderful wedding feast,

Just for two, you know,

And a jungalow bride will sit up close to my side—

(Finish by entire company.)

In my jungle bungalow.

(Soloist takes seat immediately after repetition of chorus. If the applause warrants an encore, it should be taken up briskly by soloist, advancing to center and repeating second chorus, with same assistance as before from rest of the company. Should there be further demand for a repeat chorus, take a bow before responding. Should still another demand be made upon the soloist, he must acknowledge by several bows before stepping to the front so as not to show too great a willingness to oblige. Remember that too many encores will tire your audience. When the applause has subsided enough to let the show continue, INTERLOCUTOR resumes dialogue without delay, to avoid any lull in the show's progress.)

INTER. What are you doing these days, Mr. Dallas?

DALLAS. I'm running a newspaper. Here it is. *(Takes a piece of paper about six inches square from his vest pocket.)* It's the smallest newspaper in the world, but I have all the news that is printed in the—*(local paper)*.

INTER. I will put that to the test. I have the—*(local paper)* here. *(Takes full sized newspaper from back of chair and opens it.)* On the front page there is a three-column account of the death of William Splivens. It seems that Mr. Splivens went to the butcher shop to buy a pound of liver. He met a bootlegger, got intoxicated, and while returning home his foot slipped on the ice, he fell in front of a trolley car and was killed.

DALLAS. Got it right here. (*Reads.*)

Drunken man;
Trolley car;
Foot slipped—
There you are!

INTER. (*turning paper*). Here is an interesting article by an eminent entomologist who claims that *Biticus Giganticus* existed in the Garden of Eden.

DALLAS. What is this Giganticus cuss?

INTER. I believe it is vulgarly called—er—"cootie." Do you know what a cootie is?

DALLAS. Yes. A cootie is a flea that has had military training. This man claims that there were fleas in the Garden of Eden?

INTER. Yes.

DALLAS. Got it right here. (*Reads.*)

Adam
Had 'em!

INTER. Here is a full-page story of a young woman who lives in Little Rock, Arkansas. For thirteen years she masqueraded as a man, wearing men's clothes and earning her living by sawing wood. She chews two plugs of tobacco a day, and her name is Nancy Brown.

DALLAS. Got it right here. (*Reads.*)

There's a girl in Little Rock, Arkansaw,
And she saws more wood than her Paw can saw;
Her name is Nance,
She wears men's pants,

And she chaws more plug than her Paw can chaw.

INTER. The last page is taken up by the life history of a celebrated squaw who died recently in the Blackfoot reservation. She was the wife of Chief Running Moose and she had twenty-eight children, all living.

DALLAS. Got it here. (*Reads.*)

Mrs. Moose was the mother of twenty-eight,
There might have been more—but now it's too late.

INTER. (*rises briskly, as before, and announces*). "Old

Plantation Moon," sung by Mr. Sidney Harris. (*Resumes seat while introduction is being played.*)

(*Soloist takes center in time to begin song.*)

Song.

Where the gulf winds temper the glowing morn,
Where the blackbirds call in the growing corn,
There's a Dixie homeland,
And it's all my own land,

Where the time is always June;
There's a heart in Dixie that yearns for me,
There's a beacon candle that burns for me,
There's a mother sending
Up her prayers unending,
'Neath the old plantation moon.

Chorus.

In all my dreams I see the old plantation,
The bright moon overhead;
I hear my Mammy call, in her quaint Southern drawl,
"Come, Honey, you-all should be in bed."
The sweetest lullaby in all creation
Was that little old-time tune,
"Sleep, Honey; sleep, Sonny,"
'Neath the old plantation moon.

(*Entire company repeats chorus.*)

In all my dreams I see—(*etc.*)

(*In taking encores, follow advice already given and use same procedure. Do not force any encores or the audience will lose interest. Resume dialogue as soon as subsiding applause permits.*)

INTER. Where have you been this last week or two, Mr. Cairo?

CAIRO. My brother Henry and I have been up in Michigan, hunting big game.

INTER. Henry? I didn't know that you had a brother named Henry.

CAIRO. I've got six brothers, and they're all named Henry except Alec, and his name is George.

INTER. Did you get any game?

CAIRO. Henry got two elks and a moose.

INTER. Didn't you shoot anything?

CAIRO. I got two Odd Fellows and a Knight of Pythias.

INTER. This reminds me of old times. Do you remember when we were kids together and we went hunting and you shot your father's cow? Great Scott, but my father was mad!

CAIRO. And so was mine.

INTER. We cut a steak off that cow's hindquarters, cooked it and ate it. Then we were afraid to go home, so we ran away. We must have travelled miles. My feet were full of blisters.

CAIRO. And so was mine.

INTER. My mother was very much worried about us.

CAIRO. And so was mine.

INTER. When I got back my father was waiting at the gate for me.

CAIRO. And so was mine.

INTER. We must have been gone quite a long time, because when we got back that old cow's hide was tanned.

CAIRO. And so was mine.

INTER. Well, we had a good time, anyway. I will never forget that steak. That old cow's hindquarters were certainly tender.

CAIRO. And so was her front quarters.

INTER. I think that I will take a few weeks off next fall and go up into Canada for some shooting. That's the place for game. Canada has it all over Michigan.

CAIRO. Man, you don't know what you are talking about.

INTER. Don't be impertinent, Mr. Cairo. Canada is the best hunting territory in the world. I was up there two years ago. I went out one day and with one shot—one shot, mind you—I got three ducks and a partridge. And it wasn't a good day for hunting, either.

CAIRO. Man, you ain't shot nothing. Listen. One day up in Michigan I was standing by a stream, when I saw a partridge. I raised my gun to shoot it when a noise up

stream attracted my attention. I looked up and there was a big elk. I was just going to shoot it when I heard a noise down stream. I looked down and there was a big moose. I took a step forward to shoot it and nearly put my foot on a big rattlesnake. I pulled the trigger, the gun exploded—busted all to pieces. The barrel went up stream and killed the elk, the stock went down stream and killed the moose, the bullet went straight ahead and killed the partridge, and the ramrod went down the snake's throat and choked it to death. The recoil of the gun knocked me backward into the stream and when I crawled out my boots were full of black bass—and it wasn't a good day for hunting either.

INTER. (*rises and announces, as before*). Mr. Steve El Paso will entertain with "I Didn't Ask, He Didn't Say, So I Don't Know." (*Business as before.*)

Song.

Josiah Diggs once dreamed about a gold mine three nights
straight,
So he went to see a medium that was advertised as great;
The medium took him in a room that was dusky, dark
and dim,
And called upon a spirit man to come down and talk to him.
Just then Josiah heard a noise behind him in the room,
And looking 'round he saw a ghost coming t'ward him
through the gloom;
Joe never stopped till he got home, though he had the
rheumatis'.
And when his wife asked 'bout that man, he replied with
emphasis:

Chorus.

I didn't ask, he didn't say, so I don't know;
That place I went to ask the man was no place for me to go;
I'd rather be just what I am, thought it's comin' mighty
slow,
I didn't ask, he didn't say, so I don't know.

(Repeat chorus with entire company, or quartet. For encore, if demanded, soloist sings second verse, then entire company sings chorus. Dialogue is resumed as soon as subsiding applause permits.)

INTER. What business are you in, Mr. El Paso?

EL PASO. Raising chickens. My grandfather left me eight hundred dollars and I bought a chicken farm. My, how those fowls can eat!

INTER. Is there much money in chickens these days?

EL PASO. There's eight hundred dollars in mine.

INTER. What do you feed them?

EL PASO. Wheat.

INTER. That's very expensive. Why don't you feed them bran? That's much cheaper.

EL PASO. I tried that but they won't eat it. You can't fool a chicken. Even the little chicks would come up, look at the bran, say "Cheap! Cheap!" and walk away.

INTER. What kind of chickens are you raising?

EL PASO. I call them patriotic chickens.

INTER. I never heard of that breed.

EL PASO. No one ever did. It's an invention of my own. I got some Rhode Island Reds, some White Leghorns and some Blue Orpingtons, and I mixed them all up together.

INTER. Red, white and blue. Is that why you call them patriotic?

EL PASO. No. I call them patriotic because I set the eggs on Washington's birthday, they all hatched on the Fourth of July, the chickens had red, white and blue tail feather, the roosters crow (*imitate crow*) "Yank-ee doodle doo," and the hens go (*imitates clucking*) "Hip-hip-hip hur-ray! Hip-hip-hip hur-ray!"

INTER. Wonderful. They must be very valuable.

EL PASO. Oh, not so much. Folks prefer less enthusiasm and more eggs. You see the hens won't set while the Supreme Court is sitting, and they won't lay while Congress is lying. But I am selling quite a few now. I

tell all my customers that those hens lay nothing but double-yolk eggs.

INTER. Is that the truth?

EL PASO. Well, it isn't the truth exactly, but if you have anything you want to retail you have to spread the salve.

INTER. That is not so. Your methods are dishonest. You do not have to "spread the salve," as you call it to do a retail business.

EL PASO. Yes you do. I'll leave it to Atlanta.

ATLANTA. You're right. If you have anything to retail you have got to spread the salve.

INTER. You are mistaken. I know what I am talking about. My father made his living raising chicks and—

EL PASO. I know all about that. Your father didn't make his living raising chicks. He made his living raising checks.

INTER (*springing to his feet*). Do you mean to say that my father was a forger?

EL PASO. Oh, no, I don't say that. (INTER. *sits down*.) But that's what the judge said when he gave your father thirty days.

INTER (*springing up*). What do you mean?

EL PASO. I mean that your father got thirty days in jail. Didn't he, Atlanta?

ATLANTA. Sure he got thirty days in jail.

EL PASO. He's there yet.

INTER. Do you dare to say that my father is in jail? (*Goes threateningly to EL PASO*.)

EL PASO. No, I don't say he's in jail. (INTER. *sits*.) When did he get out?

INTER. He got out last—(*furiously*.) He never got out at all!

EL PASO. I see. He's still there.

INTER. Certainly he is still there—I mean, he never was in jail! I will take this matter up with you later, Mr. El Paso. Let us get on with the show now.

EL PASO. All right. I want to ask you a riddle. Can

you tell me the difference between a Shanghai rooster and a blue-eyed jackass?

INTER. (*still sore*). No, sir, I cannot tell you the difference between a Shanghai rooster and a blue-eyed jackass. What is the difference?

EL PASO (*to audience*). Can you beat it? This bird doesn't know the difference between a Shanghai rooster and a blue-eyed jackass, and yet he has the nerve to try to tell me how to raise chickens!

INTER. (*introducing*). "Chile-Con-Carne Eyes," sung by Mr. Paul Watson. (*Business as before.*)

Song.

Talk about your señoritas
Down in Mexico,
Or you can talk about your Spanish dancers
With their gay tango;
You'll admit they can't compete
With a girlie down our street.

Chorus.

We call her Dolly, Hot Tamale,
All the boys are wild to dance with her;
She's full of pepper, a speedy stepper,
And when she rolls her eyes,
Oh, boy, you'd be surprised!
In her mantilla she'll simply kill you,
At least she'll thrill you till you're paralyzed;
We call her Dolly, Hot Tamale,
With the chile-con-carne eyes.

(*Repeat by entire company. For encore, soloist and entire company sing chorus halfway through, then soloist continues alone with second catch lines of chorus and entire company joins in for the finish.*)

BIRMINGHAM. You know my girl, Mr. Smith?

INTER. I don't think so.

BIRMINGHAM. Big fat girl—weighs two pounds less than a horse.

INTER. I am afraid that I don't remember her.

BIRMINGHAM. You must remember her. Her face is three shades blacker than mine and she wears a big white hat. Looks like a blueberry in a pan of milk.

INTER. What is her name?

BIRMINGHAM. Her name is Miss Happ. She is a cousin to Miss Fortune.

INTER. Yes, I know Miss Happ.

BIRMINGHAM. Well, that's my girl. Last night I took her to one of those places where you feed your face, and I—

INTER. You mean a restaurant.

BIRMINGHAM. Yes. The bill of fare was in French. I couldn't read it. Neither could my girl, but I wasn't going to let the waiter get wise to that, so I pointed to two items on the card and said, "Bring me some of this and some of that."

INTER. Very clever. What did he bring you?

BIRMINGHAM. He brought me a toothpick and a glass of ice water.

INTER. (*laughs*). What did you do?

BIRMINGHAM. I said, "Waiter, you have made a mistake, that is not what I ordered. This is what I ordered," and I pointed to two other items on the card.

INTER. That was an ingenious way out of it. What did he bring you then?

BIRMINGHAM. He brought me two boxes of toothpicks and a pitcher of ice water. We left there and went to another place where you feed your face.

INTER. Can't you say "restaurant"?

BIRMINGHAM. No. When I try to talk like that my tongue gets twisted around my eye tooth and I can't see what I am saying. I don't believe in language frills, anyway. They're all right for foreigners, but an American always says things right to the point.

INTER. I hadn't noticed that.

BIRMINGHAM. Well, it's so. If an Englishman wants to know if you have had your chow he says, "Have you had your dinner yet?" A Frenchman says, "Have you

dined?" But an American doesn't waste any time. He says it all in one word. He says, "Jeat?"

INTER. That is true. Still, I don't see why you should not use the word "restaurant." It is perfectly correct. We get it through the French, from the Latin root "resta," which is declined as follows: Resta, restari, restaraw, restarawta.

BIRMINGHAM. That's it. You're right. My girl went into that restaurant. She took a chair upon which she did *resta*, she picked up the bill of fare upon which she did *rest 'er eye*, she said, "Fetch me a dozen oysters, and see that six are fried and the *rest are raw!*" She ate one oyster and said, "Take them away, the *rest are rotten!*"

(*Number*)

INTER. (*introducing*). Mr. Tommy Cairo will describe what happened "The Night That Timothy Sheenan Married Daphanay McGrew." (*Business as before.*)

Song.

At the wedding Choosday night when ev'rything was quiet,
Sure little Tommy Nawn commenced a fearful riot;
Fritz Myer played a horn, Tommy got the Dutchman sore
By telling him to go outside and play that cuspidor.
"You do not know a note of the music," said Fritz Myer.
"I know it like a duck, I've a cousin in the choir,
And me father plays a harp," said little Tommy Nawn.
"You mean your father was a harp," and then the fight
was on.

Chorus.

(*Entire company singing.*)

Come all ye lively lads and merry girls,
Come all ye County Cork and Kerry girls—

(*Soloist only.*)

They busted all the tribble notes on Casey's picaloo—

(*Entire company.*)

On the night that Timothy Sheenan married Daphanay
McGrew.

(For encore, if demanded, soloist sings second verse, then entire company joins in chorus, the second "catch line" being sung by soloist only and entire company singing last line, in same manner as before.)

INTER. Mr. Fresno, you are a married man, are you not?

FRESNO. My goodness! Does it show on me? It only happened last week.

INTER. Whom did you marry, Mr. Fresno?

FRESNO. Sir?

INTER. What is your wife's name?

FRESNO. My wife's name is Mrs. Fresno.

INTER. What is her first name?

FRESNO. I'll give you three guesses. It starts with "F."

INTER. Faith?

FRESNO. No.

INTER. Fanny?

ATLANTA. Fido?

FRESNO. Listen, black man; no wise cracks!

BIRMINGHAM. Lizzie?

INTER. Lizzie doesn't start with an F.

FRESNO. Of course not. Lizzie starts with a crank.

INTER. I'll give up. What is her name?

FRESNO. She was named after both her father and her mother. Her father's name is Ferdinand and her mother's name is Elizer; so they called her Fertilizer.

INTER. An odd name. So you took her for better or worse?

FRESNO. Yes, but she's a darned sight worse than I took her for.

INTER. You shouldn't talk about your wife. If you didn't care for her, how did you come to marry her?

FRESNO. I didn't come to marry her. I came to go fishing with her father and the darned old fool fell out of the boat and was mighty nigh drowned. I jumped in and saved his life, and he said he would let me marry his daughter out of gratitude.

INTER. That was generous.

FRESNO. When I got a good look at the girl I threw the old man back into the pond again.

INTER. But you finally married her.

FRESNO. Yes. I tried to stall; told her mother I couldn't get married till I got a steady job. But her mother said that if I married Fertilizer I'd have a steady job.

INTER. It doesn't cost much to get married.

FRESNO. Doesn't it? It costs two dollars for a marriage license in the state of Illinois and I can get a dog license in Indiana for a dollar. (*Localize.*)

INTER. What about it? What does that prove?

FRESNO. It proves that it is cheaper to be a dog in Indiana than it is to be a married man in Illinois. (*Localize.*) I told Fertilizer to save up all the money that she could and that I would save up all the money that I could, and at the end of six months we would put together what we had each saved and go and get married. Would you believe it? At the end of six months that girl had only saved four dollars and seventy-five cents.

INTER. Is it possible!

FRESNO. Yes, sir, all that she had saved was a measly four dollars and seventy-five cents.

INTER. What did you do?

FRESNO. Oh, we took the five dollars and went and got married. After the minister had married us I asked him how much I owed him and he said, "Oh, give me whatever you think it is worth." I gave him a dime.

INTER. You didn't value your wife very highly.

FRESNO. I valued her more highly than the minister did. He gave me back a nickel. Then I hired a horse and buggy and we started off on our honeymoon.

INTER. You took a bridal tour?

FRESNO. Hey?

INTER. I say, you took a bridal tour.

FRESNO. No, I took a club to her.

INTER. Mr. Fresno! Do you mean to say that you beat your wife?

FRESNO. My wife? No, the horse.

INTER. I beg your pardon. Did you have a good time on your honeymoon?

FRESNO. A good time? Man, you don't know the half of it. I never had such a good time in all my life.

INTER. I'm glad to hear it. Where did you go on your honeymoon?

FRESNO. I went to Niagara Falls. My wife went to Kansas City.

INTER. (*announcing*). "As Long As I Have You," sung by Mr. Arthur Taylor. (*Business as before.*)

Song.

I always wanted to be all alone,
But that was before I met you;
I valued nobody's thoughts but my own,
But that was before I met you;
You changed my whole life, so it seems;
Realities fade into dreams.

Chorus.

Let the sweet perfume of each rose in bloom
Fade away with the morning dew,
Let the silv'ry moon of each night in June
Shine no more up in heaven's blue;
Take the golden glow from the scenes we know,
Take the rainbows and air-castles, too;
Let them all disappear, I'm contented right here,
Just as long as I have you.

(*Entire company repeats the chorus. For encore, use quartet if present, the quartet harmonizing softly while soloist sings chorus once through. If no quartet, let entire company sing chorus softly with soloist.*)

ATLANTA. Did I ever tell you about my dog, Mr. Smith?

INTER. I didn't know that you had a dog.

ATLANTA. Oh yes, I've got a fine dog. Paid five thousand dollars for him. He's a thoroughbred—part bull and part collie.

INTER. Which part is bull?

FRESNO. The part about his paying five thousand dollars for him.

INTER. Is he a good watch dog?

ATLANTA. I'll say he's a good watch dog. The other night two burglars broke into my house, took every stick of furniture that I owned, loaded the furniture into a dray and drove away. That dog sat there for three-quarters of an hour and watched them steal that furniture and never said a word. That's what I call a good watch dog!

INTER. What is his name? If he is part collie you should call him "Lochinvar."

ATLANTA. I call him "Locksmith."

INTER. Why do you call him "Locksmith"?

ATLANTA. Because every time he gets loose he makes a bolt for the door.

INTER. Can he do any tricks?

ATLANTA. He can do all the tricks there is. Show him a trick just once and he's got it. The other day he came in while I was eating and he happened to spill a bowl of soup. That made me mad and I picked him up, rubbed his nose in the soup and threw him out of the window. Next day he ran in, jumped up on the table, knocked over the soup bowl, rubbed his nose in the soup and jumped out the window.

INTER. (*laughs*). He must be very intelligent.

ATLANTA. He is. One day when we were with a tent show in the state of New York he found a ham bone. He buried this bone in the ground near the center pole of the tent. The show was a one-night stand. It made a different town every day. But that dog would come around every morning just as soon as the tent was set up and he would start to dig a hole near the center pole—looking for that ham bone. He kept this up all season long. He buried the bone in New York, and he was still digging for it when we reached Seattle, three thousand miles away. That's what I call intelligence.

INTER. (*introducing*). Mr. Bud Fresno will enliven the proceedings with the burnt-cork classic, "That's A Plenty." (*Business as before.*)

Song.

'Twas in a hencoop one dark night I stopped to rest myself,
 And to my great surprise I spied some pullets on a shelf;
 I tried to shake hands with a hen when some buckshot
 passed my head,
 I dropped my bag and turned around, then to the gen'man
 said:

Chorus.

Mister, Mister,
 Oh, listen like a friend;
 No use to argue,
 Just listen like a friend;
 Excuse me, boss, if wrong I've done,
 There ain't no use to shoot that gun,
 Just move that much, so I can run.
 Thank you.—That's a plenty.

(Entire company repeats last two lines of chorus, loud and snappy.)

Just move that much, so I can run.
 Thank you.—That's a plenty.

(For encore, soloist sings second verse and second chorus, then entire company repeats last two lines of this chorus, as before.)

INTER. Speaking of dogs, I have a dog, too. But to save my life I can't teach him any tricks. Isn't that surprising?

ATLANTA. No, that isn't surprising. In order to be able to teach a dog tricks you have to know more than the dog does.

INTER. *(angry)*. What do you mean?

ATLANTA. Don't get sore. A man who knows so much about chickens can't be expected to know much about dogs. Did you hear about the accident that happened to my dog?

INTER. No.

ATLANTA. The dog and I were standing down at the

railway station when an engine backed up and cut off my dog's tail.

INTER. That was terrible!

ATLANTA. Yes, the engine cut his tail off and the dog hollered his head off.

INTER. Did you take him to a veterinary?

ATLANTA. No, when I found out that he had lost his tail I took him to a tailor. But the tailor said that he couldn't do anything for him. I would have to take him to a jeweler.

INTER. Why would you have to take him to a jeweler?

ATLANTA. On account of his being a watch dog. The jeweler rubbed some salve on the stump of the dog's tail, and right away the dog had a new tail. And that proves it.

INTER. Proves what?

ATLANTA. Proves what I said a little while ago. If you have anything that you want to retail, you've got to spread the salve.

INTER. (*introducing*). "The Pirate Bold," a bass solo, sung by Mr. Vernon Hill. (*Business as before.*)

Song.

Old Jerry Brown was a pirate bold
And he hailed from Salem, Mass.
One of his legs was made of wood
And one of his eyes of glass.
While sailing o'er the Spanish Main
He spied a Spanish craft,
And tacking 'cross her weather beam
He raked her fore and aft;
This ramping, rearing, buccaneering
Kidd from Salem, Massachusetts;
One of his legs was made of wood
And one of his eyes of glass.

Chorus.

"Sink her down, Master Gunner,
Sink her down, down, down!
Port your helm!" said the pirate
With a frown, frown, frown,
Oh, a pirate's life is rather glum
But this Spanish gold will help it some,
Let us sing, "Yo-ho and a cask of rum—
Diddy dum, dum, dum, dum!"
Sing, "Yo-ho and a cask of rum!"
And sink her down, down, down.

(Other singers do not join in this number. Soloist goes directly to second verse and chorus, finishing with last ending. For encore, he repeats second chorus only, with last ending.)

INTER. Now, gentlemen, in order to put some pep into the program, I am going to give this valuable gold medal *(taking a medal from pocket and showing it)* to the one who tells the best story about a bear. You may start the ball rolling, Mr. Dallas.

DALLAS. Get ready to slip me the medal. One day my father gave me a gun and sent me out into the woods to shoot bears. When I had walked about four miles I nearly stepped on the biggest bear that I ever saw. I raised my gun to fire, pulled the trigger—and the gun wouldn't go.

INTER. The gun wouldn't go! What did you do then?

DALLAS. When I found out that the gun wouldn't go I said to myself, "Something has got to go"—so I went.

INTER. You ran?

DALLAS. I did. I beat it back home in less than nothing, and that bear was just two jumps behind me all the way. Father saw us coming and he ran out in front of me and yelled, "Son, don't you run away from that bear! Your father never ran away from a bear." I said, "Stand aside, father. I'm not running away from the bear. I'm bringing him home alive!"

INTER. Mr. Cairo, we will hear from you.

CAIRO. My brother Jim and I were out hunting when a

bear chased us. Jim ran into a cave and I climbed up a tree. The bear couldn't get into the cave—

INTER. Why?

CAIRO. He was too big. And he couldn't climb the tree—

INTER. Why not?

CAIRO. Because it was a slickery elm. So he just kept mooching around between the cave and the tree. Every once in a while Jim would make a dash out of the cave, the bear would make a dash at Jim, and Jim would make a dash back into the cave. When I got my breath I yelled, "Jim, you darned idiot, why don't you stay in the cave where you're safe?" "Safe, nothing!" he hollered. "You talk like a fish. There's another bear inside the cave!"

INTER. Now Mr. El Paso, we'll hear from you.

EL PASO. A bear chased me six miles one day, and every time I lifted my foot to take a step that bear put his foot down on the spot I had just left. I looked over my shoulder at the bear and he had his mouth open this wide. (*Puts hands about a foot apart.*) I could see his inside finish.

INTER. You mean, his interior decoration.

EL PASO. Yes, his finish. The next time I looked around he had his mouth open this wide (*hands about a yard apart*) and I could see my finish.

INTER. What did you do?

EL PASO. I stopped, shoved my arm down the bear's throat, grabbed him by the tail, pulled him inside out and he started running the other way.

BIRMINGHAM. And it wasn't a good day for hunting.

INTER. Mr. Birmingham, have you had an adventure with a bear?

BIRMINGHAM. I sure has. My brother Alphonse was in a cave picking goldfish. I was outside keeping watch. I fell asleep and woke up just in time to see a bear crawling into the hole that was the way into the cave.

INTER. Your brother's life was in danger! What did you do?

BIRMINGHAM. I grabbed that bear by the tail. He pulled and I pulled. Alphonse didn't know what it was all about. He yelled, "Charlie, get away from there. I can't see a thing in here. What's darkening that hole?" I didn't say anything, and the bear said the same. I pulled and he pulled. Alphonse yelled again, "Charlie, you fool, why don't you answer? What's darkening that hole?" That made me mad and I said, "Listen, Alphonse, if this tail breaks you'll darn soon find out what's darkening the hole!"

INTER. (*announcing*). The bear story contest will be suspended for just a few moments, while Mr. Roy Atlanta gets a few "Fables" off his chest. (*Business as before.*)

Song.

Uncle Joshua's nephew, a studious lad,
Came home with a book one night;
Says he to his uncle, "This is Aesop's Fables,
But I don't quite understand it right.
Will you kindly explain what is meant by fables?
Its meaning I don't quite surmise."
Uncle Joshua sighs, looks extremely wise,
And most thoughtfully replies:

Chorus.

Fables are stories that are often told
In the ordinary walks of life.
Fables are stories that a wife tells her husband
And a husband sometimes tells his wife.
Fables are stories that are meant to deceive,
But to my great surprise,
In the olden days they called 'em Fables
When they're nothin' but dog-gone lies!

(*Entire company repeats last two lines.*)

In the olden days they called 'em Fables
When they're nothin' but dog-gone lies!

(*For encore, soloist sings second chorus, and entire company repeats last two lines as before. The extra choruses may be used for additional encores when demanded.*)

INTER. Mr. Atlanta, have you a bear story?

ATLANTA. I have, but my story is different from the stories these other boys have been telling.

INTER. In what way is your story different?

ATLANTA. It's true. On the last day of last August I was out in the woods picking blackberries. The sun was so hot that I thought I would take a little nap. I found a soft spot in the bushes and lay myself down to sleep—first, of course, saying my prayers. The soft spot moved. It was a bear! Right after the bear moved, I moved, and right after I moved the bear moved right after me.

INTER. Did he chase you far?

ATLANTA. He chased me far and fast. The flutter of my feet made a noise like a humming bird. There was just one thing that saved my life that day.

INTER. What was that?

ATLANTA. I came to a river. It was frozen over. I slid across on the ice. When the bear tried to follow me he slipped and fell on the ice and I—

INTER. Just a moment. You say that this is a true story.

ATLANTA. Certainly.

INTER. All right. Now tell us again what it was that the bear slipped and fell on.

ATLANTA. He slipped and fell on the back of his neck. You see he—

INTER. You are trying to evade my question. What was the bear walking on when he fell?

ATLANTA. He was walking on his feet. It was this—

INTER. You said that you crossed on the ice.

ATLANTA. Yes. I remember another time—

INTER. You said that you were picking blackberries on the thirty-first of August and—

ATLANTA. I never said anything about the thirty-first of August.

INTER. You said the last day of August, and that's the thirty-first. "Thirty days hath September, April, June and—"

ATLANTA. Your father.

INTER. You may insult me as much as you wish, but I am going to show you up. You said that your story was a true story, yet you say that you met the bear in August—a hot day. He chased you and you saved your life by crossing the river on the ice—the *ice*. Now, how do you account for that?

ATLANTA (*confused*). Well—er—you—see—ah—(*sudden idea*.) It was like this. The bear chased me from August till December.

INTER. Now for the last story. Mr. Fresno.

FRESNO. My story is, if possible, still more true than Mr. Atlanta's. I was out hunting one day and I shot a wild goose. As I was about to pick it up I looked around, and there stood the biggest bear I ever saw.

INTER. I suppose that you ran?

FRESNO. No, sir. I never ran from a bear in all my life.

INTER. What did you do?

FRESNO. I picked a feather off the goose and flew. Man, you never saw such running in all your life. Sometimes I was ahead and sometimes the bear was ahead. And—

INTER. Wait a minute. Why didn't the bear catch you when he was ahead?

FRESNO. He had to stop to growl. Then I would get ahead again.

INTER. Why did he have to stop to growl?

FRESNO. He didn't have enough breath to growl and run at the same time. Well, sir, I thought that I was going to get away, when suddenly I came on a pessimist a hundred foot deep.

INTER. You mean a precipice.

FRESNO. Yes, a pessimist.

INTER. Why don't you say "precipice?"

FRESNO. I can't say "precipice." I turned to the right—there was a cliff a hundred feet high. I turned to the left—there was another cliff two hundred feet high, and there was the bear right behind me.

INTER. A fearful predicament. What did you do? How did you get away?

FRESNO. Get away? Didn't I tell you that there was a pessimist in front of me, a cliff to the right of me, another cliff—

INTER. Yes, yes, you said that before. I want to know how you got away.

FRESNO. I didn't get away. The bear killed me.

(The six Endmen immediately rise and come down center and line up parallel with the footlights, during INTER.'s next speech.)

INTER. We shall choose the winner of the contest by letting the audience decide which man told the best story. The one who gets the most applause wins the medal. *(He stands behind the row of Endmen and holds the medal over the head of each in turn, allowing the friends of each performer to "give him a hand" in good style, and hangs the medal on the coat button of the one who receives the greatest applause. For convenience, the medal should have fastened to it by a string a wire ring which will slip easily over a coat button. Endmen bow and return to their seats, while INTER. takes from his pocket another medal. He crosses to FRESNO and hangs this medal on FRESNO's coat.)* I am giving you this medal not because you told the best story, but because you told the biggest lie.

ATLANTA. You haven't any right to give him that medal until everybody has had a chance at it.

INTER. Everybody has.

ATLANTA. You didn't tell one.

INTER. Oh, I don't know anything about bears.

ATLANTA. I'm not talking about bears. I'm talking about lies.

INTER. I don't tell lies.

ATLANTA. Oh, boy! Say that again.

INTER. *(comes center)*. I never told a lie in all my life.

FRESNO *(rises, takes medal from coat, crosses to INTER. and places medal on his breast.)* You win! *(Resumes seat.)*

(BIRMINGHAM, CAIRO, DALLAS and EL PASO give INTER. the laugh and leave the stage, BIRMINGHAM and CAIRO

going out right and DALLAS and EL PASO left. They immediately put on ballet costume.)

INTER. (announcing). Mr. Frank Marshall will sing "Hula Lu." (Resumes seat. Business as before.)

Song.

Sweetest girlie on the beach,
Down near Honolu',
Folks all loved a brown-eyed peach
Known as Hula Lu;
But she left one sunny day,
Said Good-bye and sailed away;
Then letters followed her galore,
Each one would implore:

Chorus.

Pretty Hula Lu,
What on earth are we to do?
The soft Hawaiian moonlight
Every evening grows more blue.
At Waikiki we have lost the melody,
No one sings or dances gaily,
Nobody wants to play the ukulele.
The girls look sweet
In their gowns of shredded wheat,
But none of them is half as sweet as you;
We all yearn for the day when you return,
So hurry back to Honolulu, Hula Lu.

(Entire company joins in singing the chorus repeat, rather softly at first, then very softly on the line "We all yearn," and finishing loud and strong on the last line, beginning "So hurry back." This is also an unusually good number for introducing quartet if present, and it can be worked up with soft lights, spot light, etc., if stage facilities permit. If musicians are available who play ukuleles and steel guitars, they should be introduced in one of the encores.)

INTER. What makes you look so down in the mouth, Mr. Atlanta?

ATLANTA. I lost my job.

FRESNO. If you are looking for a job you might get one down at the dry goods store where I work. They are in need of a salesman. Do you know anything about selling dry goods?

ATLANTA. Sure. I know all about selling dry goods.

FRESNO. Let's see if you do. (*Rises.*) Come over here. (*Goes extreme left down stage. ATLANTA rises and goes left to FRESNO.*) Now, imagine that this is a dry goods store. This is the counter. You are a clerk and I am a cash customer—a lady. Can you imagine that?

ATLANTA. I can imagine your being a lady, but I can't imagine your paying cash.

FRESNO. Shut up! Now, it is early in the morning and the lady is coming into the store to buy some goods. Get ready! (*Goes extreme right, turns, takes a step as if getting out of a taxi.*)

ATLANTA. What are you doing?

FRESNO. Getting out of my taxi. (*Takes a few steps toward center and makes motion as if closing door.*)

ATLANTA. What are you doing now?

FRESNO. Closing the store door.

ATLANTA. Be careful to close it tight. This dust gets over everything.

FRESNO (*crossing to ATLANTA with the mincing gait of a lady*). Good morning. I would like to see your underwear. (*Speaks in feminine voice.*)

ATLANTA. Hey?

FRESNO. I say I would like to look at your underwear.

ATLANTA. I haven't got any on. It's in the wash.

FRESNO. No, no. I mean I would like to look at your ladies' underwear.

ATLANTA. I haven't got a lady, excepting my wife, and she hasn't any, either.

FRESNO. You're a fine salesman. Why, you poor simp, you couldn't sell fish to a trained seal. Have you any silk?

ATLANTA. Sure! We've got some fine silk. What kind do you want?

FRESNO. Let me look at some green silk.

ATLANTA. We haven't any green silk. All our silk is ripe.

FRESNO (*man's voice*). Show me some silk!

ATLANTA. Sure! (*Turns and makes motion of reaching up to a very high shelf for a bolt of silk. Pretends to take it down and unroll it on counter.*) There's what I call a dandy piece of silk. Smell it. Taste it!

FRESNO. I like that. How much is it?

ATLANTA (*pretends to look at end of bolt for price tag*). That silk is five dollars a dozen.

FRESNO (*loudly and hysterically*). What! Five dollars! Outrageous! I never heard of such a price! Preposterous! Mercy!

ATLANTA. Don't faint in here, lady.

FRESNO. I can go right across the street and buy the same silk for two dollars!

ATLANTA. Well, why the— (*checks himself*.) Why don't you go, and not stand around here bothering me on my busy day?

FRESNO. So, that's all you know about selling dry goods. Get out from behind that counter. (*They exchange places, both being careful to walk around the end of the imaginary counter.*) I'll be the clerk and you'll be the customer. I'll show you how to sell goods.

ATLANTA. Am I a lady?

FRESNO. Yes.

ATLANTA. Watch me! (*Goes right; turns; makes elaborate and exaggerated motions of getting out of taxi; turns and tips the driver.*) Keep the change! (*Turns and apparently enters the store, closing the door after him. Gives feminine shriek.*)

FRESNO. What's the matter?

ATLANTA. I pinched my fingers in the joor dam—

INTER. You mean the door jamb.

ATLANTA. Yes. Are you ready? Clear the aisles! Here comes a first class lady customer! (*Imitates woman's walk, very much exaggerated; crosses to FRESNO.*)

FRESNO. What do you call that?

ATLANTA. That's the — (*name of nearby town*) waddle.

FRESNO. Good morning.

ATLANTA. Good morning. What have you in the shape of bananas this morning?

FRESNO. Cucumbers. Listen, Simp. This isn't a grocery store. Ask for dry goods.

ATLANTA. I'd like to buy a shirtwaist.

FRESNO. What bust?

ATLANTA (*looking all around*). Sir?

FRESNO. I said, "What bust?"

ATLANTA. I didn't hear anything bust.

FRESNO (*loudly*). What size?

ATLANTA. Six and seven-eighths.

FRESNO. Man, you sure are stupid. Ask for silk.

ATLANTA. I don't want silk.

FRESNO. You've got to take silk.

ATLANTA. I won't take silk.

FRESNO. You'll take silk or I'll bust you on the nose!

ATLANTA. That's no way to talk to a lady.

FRESNO. You heard me.

ATLANTA. Oh, well, if you feel that way about it, you can give me a couple of yards.

FRESNO (*business of taking down and unrolling bolt of silk*). There's a fine piece of taffeta. What do you think of it?

ATLANTA. It's rotten. How much is it?

FRESNO. Five dollars.

ATLANTA (*gives loud scream*). What? Five dollars! That's perfectly perpendicular! I never heard anything like that in my life. I can go across the street and come back again for less than that.

FRESNO (*smoothly*). Calm yourself, madam. Calm yourself. I know the price is high, but there's a reason. It's the result of conditions. Owing to the severe winter that they have had in China, and the consequent scarcity of mulberry leaves, the silk worms have all died of starvation.

ATLANTA. Is that so? Give me twelve yards.

FRESNO. You see! That's the way to sell goods. Now try it again. (*They exchange places.*)

ATLANTA. All set! Bring on your cash customers!

FRESNO. Good morning.

ATLANTA. Good morning. What do you want? (*In undertone.*) Say "silk," you son of a gun!

FRESNO. I'll take two pounds of—

ATLANTA. Silk. Certainly, madam. (*Takes down imaginary bolt.*)

FRESNO. I don't want silk.

ATLANTA. This is nice fresh silk.

FRESNO. I don't want it.

ATLANTA. All right, I'll put it back, but I think you are making a mistake. (*Puts bolt back.*)

FRESNO. I want two spools of tape.

ATLANTA (*same business*). Here you are. Some fine tape. Picked right off our own trees.

FRESNO. How much is it?

ATLANTA. Five dollars. (*FRESNO gives a loud shriek like a factory whistle.*) Six o'clock.

FRESNO. Five dollars? I never heard of such a thing! Preposterous!

ATLANTA. Clam yourself, madam. Clam yourself. I know the price is high, but there's a reason. Owing to the severe winter in China, and the quensequent scarcity of raspberries, the tape worms have all starved to death!

(*ATLANTA and FRESNO quickly resume their seats.*)

INTER. (*rising and coming down center*). Ladies and gentlemen, the Finalé, by the entire company, assisted by the wonderful feature act, the Dahomey Dwarf Ballet.

(*As orchestra plays introduction of Finalé, entire company rises. Singers on left side move over left, and those on right move right, filling spaces left vacant by absent Endmen and leaving an opening at center. As the first words of the Finalé are sung, INTER. draws aside a curtain*

up center and discloses the "ballet," who do a grotesque dance while all members of the company sing.)

Finalé.

We thank you one and all,
Great and small, for your applause,
We hope you'll overlook the flaws,
It's not easy, you know, to put on such a show
As granddaddy saw so many, many years ago.
When cork was king, and ev'rything
Was minstrelsy, you know,
When cork was king, when cork was king,
A long, long time ago.

(The curtain comes down with a rush on the last word of the Finalé.)

CURTAIN.

(NOTE: The dwarfs are impersonated by the four End-men, BIRMINGHAM, CAIRO, DALLAS and EL PASO. When they exeunt after the bear-story contest they immediately put on ballet costume, which consists of a full cape of some bright material, worn over the shoulders and reaching nearly to the wrists, a woman's hat worn at a rakish angle, stockings pulled up over the arms, and shoes on the hands. A scene with a center door opening should be used if possible, with a curtain which covers the opening until the finalé. The "dwarfs" go back of the scene and take positions behind a table that extends across the opening, resting their shoe-encased hands on top of table. Draperies in front of the table conceal the legs and lower part of men's bodies so the spectators see them only from the waist up, and they appear to be dwarfs standing on the table. In case the center opening cannot be arranged, the table can be carried in from either right or left wings, a stage hand at either end of the table, and the "dwarfs" walking sidewise with table, appearing to be standing on it. The "dance" is performed by tapping the "feet"—in reality, of course, the hands—on the table, and making kicking motions with the arms. Almost any movement will appear grotesque, but it is well to have all movements concerted. The heads should turn in unison and the kicks should be made in the same direction at the same time. An elastic band about the elbows will keep the "dress" in place and will serve as the dwarf's waist line.)

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GOOD MORNIN', JUDGE

Minstrel afterpiece, by Harry L. Newton; 9 males, 2 females. Time, 35 minutes. Scene: A police court. A ludicrous dispensation of justice, perhaps lacking in jurisprudence, yet of a brand that will hit an audience. A comical collection of colored characters. Lily White, who wants a divorce because she is married, is a scream.

SAFETY RAZORS FIRST

Blackface skit, by John E. Lawrence; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. A comedy talking act that does not depend for laughs on the dialogue alone, but is replete with action and has an unusually funny finish. Excellent for minstrels. Can close with song specialty.

HUNGRY!

Comedy a la mode, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. A hungry ducky meets a friend with a big basket of "eats." Instead of having his appetite satiated with food, he has it stimulated with descriptions of fried chicken and tales of hunting the wild doughnut in its native jungle.

THE BLACK VAMP

By Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 2 males, 2 females. Time, 15 minutes. Sam thought his wife didn't appreciate him, so he got his friend Phil to impersonate a dusky vampire, to liven things up. He livened things up, all right. Chance for song-and-dance specialties. The two female parts can be doubled by one player.

MY OLD MAN'S SICK

Ducky monologue, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 1 female. Time, 10 minutes. Mrs. Sam Johnsing, wash-lady, consults the doctor about her husband's health. From her report, Sam is about as susceptible to disease as a hunk of scrap-iron. A riot of fun.

COON CREEK COURTSHIP

Sketch, by O. E. Young; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. The stumbling, ludicrous attempts of bashful Johnnie Overalls in asking Sallie Grindstone to become his wife and the ridiculous coaching of the persistent ducky maiden will cause no end of merriment. It is as lively as it is funny. Easy for amateur comedians.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Denison's Black-Face Series

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A DARK SECRET

Colored farce of mystery, by Jeff Branen; 4 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. This screaming story of the adventure of a negro detective and his dusky assistant has made thousands roar when presented on the professional stage, and is now available in print for amateurs everywhere. Three characters are white-face.

THE BOOSTER CLUB OF BLACKVILLE

A colored comedy concoction, by Harry L. Newton; 10 minutes. Time, 25 minutes. A political burlesque with the funniest negro cast of characters imaginable. They are all running for some kind of an office; judge, chicken inspector, razor inspector, crap game inspector, etc. Particularly suitable for a minstrel afterpiece.

A HENPECKED COON

Darky monologue, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 1 male. Time, 10 minutes. Ephraeus is unpleasantly aware of the fact that he has a wife, and he appeals to all married men for sympathy. The recital of his grievances against his better half is just one laugh after another.

AXIN' HER FATHER

Farce, by O. E. Young; 2 males, 3 females. Time, 25 minutes. Old Peppercorn, very deaf, has three daughters, Priscilla, Pamela and Polly. Augustus, Priscilla's suitor, attempts to ask the old man for permission to marry her. Peppercorn, failing to understand him, and thinking he is insulted, begins the fun. The excitement multiplies with each succeeding incident.

WHAT YOU GOT?

Blackface comedy act, by Wade Stratton; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. Julius, a "cullud gem'man," is curious about the contents of Billius' jug. His curiosity costs him "fo' bits foh one li'l measly shot" and the discovery that Billius has been trying it on the dog.

ONE HAMBONE FOR TWO

Controversial talking act, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 2 females. Time, 10 minutes. Two "cullud" ladies engage in a polite duel for the heart and hand of one Hambone Johnson. Miss Dingleberry, who puts on airs, is sure of her conquest, but it takes Miss Wringer, the lowly laundress, to bring home the bacon—not to mention the ham!

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Denison's Black-Face Series

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LOVE AND LATHER

Farce, by O. E. Young; 3 males, 2 females. Time, 35 minutes. Christopher Columbus Johnson, proprietor of a barber shop, forbids his son, Abe Lincoln, to see Victoria, as Christopher has quarreled with her mother, Mrs. Confusion Smith. She and Victoria come to the shop in turn and are concealed in the barber chairs and their faces lathered. Crowded with fun.

DE MELANCHOLY EVOLUTION OF ME

Blackface monologue, by Jeff Branen; 1 male. Time, 10 minutes. A broken-down negro actor tells the side-splitting story of his experience with an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe that turned itself into a circus side show in a vain effort to keep from stranding. A Kansas cyclone dealt the final blow. Fine material for a clever negro impersonator.

NO SENSE, NOHOW

Negro talking act, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. A merry skit for two blackface comedians, with laughs well apportioned, neither character being a feeder. The ragtime dispute in the "Fizzle-Fuzzle language" is a scream. Chance for song or dance specialty.

THEY'RE IN AGAIN

Talking skit, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 2 females. Time, 15 minutes. Two "cullud ladies" meet on the street and have a heated argument over the cause of their husbands being in jail. Can be played by women, or by men in feminine attire. A hilarious negress comedy.

THE MYSTERIOUS SUITCASE

By Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. Sam has to carry Harry's grip, and both negroes have a laughable time trying to keep the mystery from leaking out. The fact that they stop to rest near a cemetery also gives Sam cause for serious thinking.

STICK TO YOUR WORD, GAL

Farce by O. E. Young; 4 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. Pa Skipton, Pocahontas, his daughter, her admirers, Bill Prettyman, Dr. Squizzle and Elder Snuffle. This piece is full of rollicking humor and odd situations and is just the thing for a "wind up" to send everyone home happy.

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Minstrel First-Part Circle.



Minstrel Endman.



Minstrel Man and Girl.

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- Minstrel Endman.
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A choice of six complete routines, expertly arranged and ready to use, for the convenience of inexperienced amateur minstrel directors and others seeking a modern, properly constructed first-part. Instead of being a volume of miscellaneous crossfire from which to pick and choose, each book gives an exact procedure to be followed in staging a sure-fire first-part—complete dialogue and full instructions for action and stage business from rise of curtain to grand finale.

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